

Bloomfield Gazette.

W. P. LYON, A. M., Editors.
CHAS. M. DAVIS, A. M., Editors.

"Knowledge and wisdom, far from being one, have oftentimes no connection. Knowledge dwells
In heads replete with thoughts of other men; Wisdom in minds attentive to their own."—COWPER.

FORTNIGHTLY.

BLOOMFIELD, N. J., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 19, 1872.

Vol. I. No. 4.

FIVE CENTS.

FINANCIAL.



American Trust Company,

OF NEW JERSEY.

Subject at all times to the Supervision of the Supreme Court.

OFFICE, NO. 728 BROAD ST., NEWARK.

Paid-up Capital.....\$250,000.

Allows four per centum annum interest on Deposits, from date of deposit to date of withdrawal, subject to Draft at sight. Interest credited in account Monthly.

Receives Special Deposits for specified times on liberal rates of interest.

Issues Certificates of Deposit with or without interest, for use as Remittances or Investments.

IS AUTHORIZED

To Execute Trusts of every description from Courts, Corporations and Individuals.

To take Charge of and Manage Real or Personal Effects; to Collect Coupons or Interest, Remitting or Crediting the same on account as may be desired.

To Receive for Safe Keeping, Bullion, Plate, and Valuables of all kinds.

To Guarantee the Payment of all kinds of Evidence of Debt, and to Purchase the same.

JOHN MCGREGOR, PRESIDENT.

NATHANIEL NILES, VICE PRESIDENT.

Sept 21 W. A. WHITEHEAD, TREASURER.

11 JOHN H. CHAMBERS, SECRETARY.

Republic Trust Company,

812 Broad St., Newark, N. J.

Interest allowed on Deposits of any amount, for short or long terms. All Deposits payable on demand.

Individuals, firms or corporations may open accounts with this Company same as with Bank. All deposits subject to check at sight, with the advantage of accumulation of interest on daily balances.

Will accept Trusts of every description: act in capacity of Executor, Trustee, Guardian, Testator, etc.

TRUSTEES:

T. B. Paddle, Vice-Pres't; Jeremiah O'Rourke, Marcus Sayre, Isaac J. Everett, Thomas N. McCarter, B. Jansen, D. M. Wilson, Robert F. Ballantine, F. A. Trout, Moses Bigelow, Geo. W. Smith, Wm. Rockwell, David C. Howell, John C. Johnson, Edwin G. Hart, John L. Gunther, James B. Boylan, D. M. Wilson, Pres't.

Wm. Rockwell, Sec'y. D. M. Wilson, Pres't.

Sept 12t

BLOOMFIELD

SAVINGS INSTITUTION,

Liberty St., near Broad Avenue.

This Institution has always paid to Depositors Interest at the rate of seven per cent. per annum.

All monies deposited on or before the 1st of October, will draw interest from that date.

T. C. Dorn, Pres't, W. S. Baldwin, Pres't.

Sept 12t

ESSEX COUNTY MUTUAL INSURANCE COMPANY,

CHARTERED IN 1843.

Office on Liberty St., near Broad Avenue,

BLOOMFIELD.

This Company continues to insure Dwellings, Bars, Stores and other country property, on terms more favorable than any other Company. It has no city risks, and is therefore liable to no great disaster like the Chicago fire. Z. B. Dorn, President.

Thos. C. Dorn, Sec'y. Sept 12t

People's Savings Institution.

This Popular Institution located in RHODES BUILDING,

within a few doors of the Morris and Essex Depot at NEWARK, continues to pay Interest on Deposits, at the rate of Seven (7) per cent. per annum. It being an "Up Town" Institution, it is largely patronized by "Up Town" people as well as those from the Township near by. Patronage Solicited.

H. M. RHODES, President, JAMES A. HEDDEN, Treas.

Sept 11t

INSURE IN THE HUMBOLDT (MUTUAL) INSURANCE COMPANY.

Assets over \$150,000.

Office, 753 BROAD ST., Essex, N. J.

Essex, N. J.

This Company insures against loss and damage by Fire, Dwellings, Furniture, Buildings and Merchandise, at favorable rates, either on the Mutual or non-participating plans.

OFFICERS:

ELMER F. HIGGINS, Sec'y. GEORGE BROWN, Pres't.

JAMES A. HEDDEN, Treas. E. W. MCCLATCHY, Vice-Pres't.

Sept 11t

False Eyes.

A French paper gives a detailed account of the manufacture of false eyes in Paris, from which the curious fact appears that the average sale per week of eyes intended for the human head amounts to 400. One of the leading dealers in this article carries on the business in a saleroom of great magnificence. His servants have but one eye, and the effect of any of the eyes worn by customers is conspicuously tried in the servant's head, so that the customer can judge very readily as to the appearance it will produce in his own head. On charge is about \$10 per eye. For the eyes, there are second-hand visual organs which have been worn for a time, and exchanged for new ones; they are sold at reduced prices, and quantities are sent off to India and the Sandwich Islands.

Climate of San Francisco.

It is hot enough and changeable enough in the interior, but San Francisco seems to have a climate exclusively its own. What would not the poor sweltered and blistered New Yorkers give to be again for a few days of such weather as they had here all the time, at a temperature of sixty-five to sixty-eight? Liquid breezes are in almost daily demand. Sun and shade are almost the year round by some ladies, and not much more in February than in August. Umbrellas are not needed from April to October. The sun sets the cloudy and cold, and in New York of December every one would predict rain, but not so here. And when the rains come, between October and April, it is not with violence—no lightning, no thunder, no tornadoes—but only frequent showers. That is the rainy season.

Bloomfield Gazette.

Subscriptions for 6 months, 50 cts. in advance, may be made at Bloomfield P. O., and at Depot Ticket Office. The *Gazette* will be for sale in Bloomfield at Gilbert's News Room, at the Depot, and on the Cars. Also at Cadmus' Stationery Store, and in Montclair, at Irving's News Room.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

1 time	3 times	6 times	12 times
1 inch.....\$1.00	\$2.50	\$4.50	\$8.00
2 " " 1.75	4.50	8.00	15.00
4 " " 3.00	8.00	15.00	28.00
8 " " 5.00	13.50	25.00	45.00

All Advertisements to be paid in advance.

No charge for the *Gazette* to six months' advertisers.

A Story of Western Emigration, from actual experience.

(Written for the *Gazette* by a Bloomfielder.)

Mrs. Belmont

FIRST STAGE

The home of my childhood stood on the bank of a small river in a pleasant town of New England, in the early part of the present century. Though more than fifty years have passed since I left it, I still retain a vivid mental view of many interesting occurrences during that period. When I read Mrs. Stowe's description of a "Puritan Sabbath," and of her "Old-town Folks," my whole nature was thrilled. It came home to me. It was something I knew about. I have kept hundreds of Puritan Sabbaths, commencing with the first three visible stars on Saturday night, and ending with the same on Sunday evening. If I had had the advantages of the Beecher family, I might write a story too. One on "Early New England School Teaching," and another on "Going to Meeting in Vermont." But waiving these and kindred topics, I will venture a brief history of our emigration to the West.

My mother was less credulous and more discreet. She could not see the wisdom of relinquishing a certain support and home comforts for positive hardships, uncertain supplies, and possible poverty. To her it seemed a formidable undertaking to move a family of ten children, the youngest but three month old, in mid-winter, over the snows of New York and Pennsylvania. She remonstrated. She feared to let go the bird in the hand, lest she would never get the two in the bush. But arguments and entreaties were alike in vain. My father's convictions were strong—his faith unwavering. (If he had had such faith in Christ, he would have been a new creature, and sure of heaven.) The heavily timbered woods, the waving fields, the rich pastures, the scampering hogs and flocks of turkeys, were all realities to him. He knew they existed, and it was for him to go and take possession.

Those were not the days of "Woman's Rights!" My mother promised at her marriage to obey her husband, and here was a crisis when her will must yield to his. Our place was offered for sale. Property was so depreciated by the panic people were in, that nothing like its real value was expected. His object was not to get a great price, but to sell and go. If he could get sufficient to pay the small encumbrance on the mill, a few other small debts, and have enough for traveling expenses, and perhaps a few dollars to fall back upon if things should not come up square to our expectations, that was all he looked for. Soon a Quaker gentleman came to examine the premises, and finally offered \$— in cash. What a sum for a poor man to have in his hand all at once!—and the glorious prospects of the West rose up before him in all their splendor. Debts paid, and money sufficient to convey us comfortably away from the bleak, Green Mountain winds and the dreary Vermont snows, to the genial climate and productive soil of beautiful Ohio; this was enough! He did not wait for a second nibble at the hook, but drew in the prize with a spasmodic jerk. My mother, seeing that the enterprise was inevitable, regrettfully, prayerfully, tearfully, submissively, summoned all her energy and ingenuity to the task of fitting out the family for the fearful adventure. All was commotion at the mill and in the house. When and how we were to go, were questions of intense interest. Our ablest advisers judged it of great importance to go in the winter in order to begin farming early in the Spring.

The first of February was at length decided upon. Next the mode of travel. It was good sleighing there, and was likely to be six weeks to come, but the men at the mill said that in going West we would come to bare ground in a few days, and we had better begin as we could end it on wheels. Alas, for our ignorance and blindness! The weather was very cold, and several of the children small; so a close carriage was necessary. Accordingly, my father bought a stage-coach and pair of iron gray horses, for the special comfort of my mother and the younger children, with personal baggage. For beds, provisions, and other large articles, another horse and wagon was purchased.

The custom then was for emigrants to carry their own provisions and beds, to stop at a tavern, (no hotels on the emigrant route, except in large towns,) call for a large

more. He came to our house and used all his influence to unsettle my father's mind, and induce him to "sell out and go West." "Why," said he, "them big boys o' youn can work a large farm out in Ohio. Yes, one on 'em can do it; a boy fourteen year old out there's as good as a man here. Why, a man in Ohio without an inch of land is better off than he is here with a farm. The corn grows so high there that they have to ride on horseback to pick it! You don't have to keep hoggs an' fowls; there's plenty on 'em runnin' wild in the woods. Just take your gun on your shoulder an' go out an' shoot as many as you want; an' you don't have to buy any sweetmeat, there's plenty of wild honey, an' custard apples to make pies on." This information was grateful to my father, my, it was intoxicating. He had the two boys who were to make him rich. His mind was so possessed and influenced by what he heard, that mills, farm, trunk factory and blacksmith's shop, which had been added, all dwindled into insignificance. They had lost their value. He never could be contented till he had realized these new dreams. He would sell out and go to the land flowing with milk and honey."

As dry goods were said to be very dear at the West, stores were laid in for winter and summer wear, sufficient, it was thought, to last two years. The time now drew near for leaving all that was tangible, certain and dear, for an unreal, visionary something, somewhere. Most of our furniture was disposed of at private sale. The last days were spent in washing, cooking, and all sorts of unnameable earthly last things. Our dear old aunts, cousins and neighbors came to assist in finishing up matters, and to receive each some memento of affection; and now a large batch of bread, a spacious bag of doughnuts, and an "unknown quantity" of baked pork and beans, with cake, cheese, tea, chocolate, sugar, (till one got to the *wild honey*, etc, etc, were put into the provision chest. Trunks were packed and locked; beds tied up in strong wrappers; vehicles before the door. Nothing now remained but to exchange blessings and kisses, and mingle tears with those of the dear ones whose faces we were now beholding for the last time on earth, and we were stowed away in our warm couch with foot-stoves filled with glowing hickory coals at our feet. My mother and eldest sister, with the two youngest children nestled under their cloaks, occupied the back seat, the rest of us took the middle seats, and on the front one my father and one of the large boys sat to drive the one-horse wagon, changing at intervals with the one in the coach.

We children, while warm and comfortable by a great hickory fire, were in great glee at the idea of moving—of riding so far in a carriage. We had never seen much of the world; and now, we expected to see nearly the whole of it. Like Watts' little mouse, who, born and bred in an old chest, one day scrambled up to the top, and looking round, exclaiming, "I didn't think the world was so big." Our expressions of joy, however, were soon exchanged for complaints of the cold and bundling, and we were obliged to stop three or four times a day to get warm and to replenish the foot-stoves. When we stopped at night, my father and the large boys, his future farmers, took care of the horses, who were jaded out, making twenty miles with a heavy load on wheels, over snow. Meantime, my mother prepared an abundant and appetizing supper, while the elder sisters laid off the little ones' traveling clothes, and rubbed and warmed their benumbed hands and feet. After supper the beds were made, and we all found temporary relief in sleep.

Instead of finding less snow as we advanced, it became deeper and deeper. It snowed one whole day, which caused the wheels to move heavily. The horses, which were stout and strong, could only walk, and finally we came upon drifts they could not pass. Father and the boys walked at the lower side giving way, and we stood at a dead half, a quarter of a mile from any house, and two miles from a tavern. This was a dilemma. Here were the sanguine emigrants, going along through the State of New York, on wheels in the depth of winter, in a broken-down conveyance, and stuck fast in a snow-drift. While my parents were deliberating what to do, a man in a two-horse sleigh came along and kindly carried a number of the children to the next tavern. My father borrowed tools at the adjacent house with which to repair the coach, and by night we were all at the public house, and in our own room.—Concluded in our next.

room with a fire, prepare their own meals, and make their own beds upon the floor.

About two months were occupied in preparing for the journey. In making almost numberless warm garments for the family, and in deciding what to take with us, what to give away, and what to sell—how my mother maintained her equanimity, or even kept her wits, I cannot see. The general upsetting of things, the daily-recurring demands of a large, old-fashioned family, (one-child families then) the exaggerated, extravagant representations of father, which served not to convince, but to confuse mother; the endless questions and chatter of the little ones, while all the time she was calculating, contriving and executing against her convictions and inclination, all the preparations for a long, tedious journey, were enough to craze any but a strong, well-balanced mind like my mother's.

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